1.3.261
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, November 28, 2005 3:23am.
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1. Who can come into Me with seriousness not, but yea Thanksgiving and celebration for what I am now doing?
Who can celebrate righteousness born/reborn?
Who cares about the king of My kingdom, The kingdom of heaven, more than theirs?
Who can see/care about the kingdom where the King places his subjects on His throne?
Who? All who choose. All who choose to see. All who surrender into the vision of one, Him. I love you.

2. Into Me seeing being and becoming and replicating not yourself, but Me. Thank you.

3. Into Me see what I have said/just said. I love you.

4. I giveth all to My encumbered not, but who leaveth all sorrow and suffering behind. I love you.

5. Into Me see the Holy of Holies that is you/yours/Mine/one. Is there another?
Yea, there is no other; kingdom of one.
Will you receive?
You have and opening the pathway to millions and Ted, it never shuts again.

6. No canons ever again, My New Covenant reigns supreme in Me My people who know Me as God (1), Father of Lights, one, in whom is no shadow or variableness of turning. No hierarchical religions of haves/have-nots, castes requiring honor to position, title, suffering; yea institutions gathering/garnering others to themselves for their own self-promotion of self, raising institutional oversight between Me and My people; demised, demolished; yea obliterated and; who can stand having their God intimately face to face in bed naked, yea, transparently before all, before and after and in dimensionlessness?

7. Who can stand when all is un-deceived and deceit is known for lies and how embraced by the waymaker not, but he light now cast upon all to show its makeup for what it is, and all wood hay and stubble burns. Hot.

8. Who can love Me for what I am when all is known and I am not like thought? **I am thought. I Am.** Existence supreme afar off I am not. I am My body. Yea, light. Yea, Me. Yea, you.

9. Who can celebrate light, residual darkness affecting no longer?
Who can celebrate light'd ones who light the path of/to light? Evermore non-ending spiral of ascension not, but yea perfect satiety in adventure'd exploration of My consciousness/eternity in upon throughout Me. Yea, delight.

10. Who will love Me enough to celebrate a/The child born, of light?
Who will/can see feel become, beholding light?
Who can **entertain the masses not** but performing nothing for no one, completing the desires/heart of his/her Father of light? All goodness, only good. Amen.

11. I love you.
Rest in Me.
Thee/we arise yea so close is.
Amen.

12. I kiss you My lover loved.
Goodnight.
Yea, a thousand times 7 I kiss you. I love you.
Embrace, enraptured I am, with you, My body, My one.
7 times 7 and never ending.
I am you. One joyous savior. Me'd.

13. Smile. Rejoice. Celebrating, I am.
Heaven is. Rejoice evermore.
Royal'd one royalizing all who will/receive and surrender to Me/their royalty, royal. One.
Bloodline, one.
Mine, yours.
Hesitating not to proclaim My every issue when/as spoken, first-person.
Me, you, one.
Good night.
It's all in My hand,s

Footnote:
1. Jeremiah 31:31-34, Hebrews 8:10-12.